

Orleans

*Charles Jaeger, Jaeger's Seafood Tavern, 1701 Elysian Fields Avenue, 945-9132. (If Charles Jaeger not in, contact his son, Allan Jaeger.) 8th Ward

*Bud Ripoll (Delivery through L.I.) 9th Ward

*Jed Palmer, Jed's University Inn. 14th, 16th and 17th Wards
(2000 cards initially)

*John Lewis, 581-5329 3rd Ward

*Pete Cadaro, 960 Felicity, 523-6553 10th Ward

*Dan Haggerty

Bill Branscomb, 834-7900 (call in a.m.) (can pick it up)

Armand Hug, 523-0677 (Delta Towers)

*Jed Palmer, Jed's University Inn (Uptown, near Tulane campus,
14th, 16th & 17th Wards)

Bill Branscomb, 834-7900

Ruth Biery, 586-6211

Marietta Trachtenberg, 524-5611 or 523-6478

Mrs. Louis Zollinger, 529-2501

Cynthia Brown (O) 527-3562 (h) 586-0833

Mr. Pipkin 393-1120

Karen Sutterfield

*Bob Dick

Gene Woods, "Pier 21," 3636 Prytania, 891-1261

Lansing Mitchell, Jr., 897-2792

*Dr. King, 525-9966 Uptown

*Louis J. Scanlon, 5000 Pauger, 282-2733 7th Ward

*William A. Gill, Jr., 6220 Cameron Blvd., 282-6745 7th Ward

*Milton Stire, Civil Sheriff's Office, 523-6143 6th Ward

Frank Rivarde, 2914 Dumaine, 482-8206 5th Ward

Arthur J. Boe, 4024 Cottonwood, Marrero 347-3536

*Bill Kitchen (Phil Kitchen, Atty, 522-3551, will know Bill's number and address) 2nd Ward

*Pat Herrigan, 821-2488 3rd Ward

*Judge Thomas Giraud (Judge Giraud will not be distributing himself, but friends of his may want to help with cards and posters) 822-5411 9th Ward

*Frances Pecora, 527-8305

Bob Jolet, 254-9613

*Lee Fernandez, 891-5821

Tilghman G. Chachere, Jr., 523-5281

*Noel Rada, 4435 D'Hemecourt, 486-4394 3rd Ward



A POSSIBLE DREAM FOR OUR BICENTENNIAL

Is a United States of America, as conceived by its Founders, "The Impossible Dream"? We hope not!

Would it not be wonderful if, by 1976, our Republic's 200th Birthday, our CONSTITUTION could be restored to its original intent, and "we, the people" could again become our own masters, completely free of domination and control by the very agency, our Federal Government, which WE established as OUR SERVANT, to do OUR bidding, and not the reverse, as is true today?

Today, two years before our Bicentennial, are we a free people, a free society? Do our sovereign states, as created by the CONSTITUTION, govern themselves through their directly elected representatives, delegating minimal responsibilities to the Federal Government? Or does our present Federal Government exert an unconstitutional strangle-hold on not only state governments but also on the very lives of our individual citizens, through taxes (income, etc., with now a blackmail "revenue-sharing" policy toward the states); regulations, standards, supervisory and policing powers encompassing every area of our lives, property and means of livelihood; Federal Reserve banking, controlling the ups and downs of our economy, creating prosperity or panic at will; ad infinitum, ad nauseum?

But in case you haven't really felt the pinch of encroaching Federalism, consider Federal Regionalism, which divides our nation into ten sections, controlling, supplanting and replacing our Constitutionally structured states; and Federal "land-use" legislation, to control and/or confiscate our private lands, yes, even the small parcel of the good earth on which our homes are built.

IS the United States of America really the impossible dream? Not if its citizens awaken in time and present a united front of opposition to this creeping and entirely anti-constitutional Federal encroachment.

If nothing else will do it, the abiding SPIRIT OF 1776, reaching out over these almost 200 years of America's proud history of not only aspiring to be, but BEING the bastion of liberty whose open arms have welcomed the free-spirited oppressed of the world, should rekindle the burning desire in every American to be self-determining and unfettered by the chains of Federalism and One-Worldism, and carry us forward to FREEDOM'S rebirth in 1976!

Does this vision, this goal for our Bicentennial, interest or challenge you? Do you want to be a part of its accomplishment? If so, and you would like details of what is really going on and how to combat it, contact the NEW ORLEANS COMMITTEE TO RESTORE THE CONSTITUTION, 1018-20 Maison Blanche Building, New Orleans 70112; phone, 525-9996, and join with your fellow citizens who feel as you do and who want to do something about it!



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1 Phone threat

*Virginia is
in Garrison's
house -
Den*

Den of Garrisons' house. Evening, after dinner. Lots of toys scattered around. SCOOTER is chasing ELIZABETH around. VIRGINIA is playing with a doll house. She is six years old, has blond hair. Phone rings. VIRGINIA stops playing, runs to answer it.

VIRGINIA: Hello.

MALE VOICE: Hello. Is this Jim Garrison's daughter?

VIRGINIA: Yes.

VOICE: Virginia?

VIRGINIA: Yes.

VOICE: Virginia, you're a lucky little girl. I'm calling because your daddy has entered you in a beauty contest. He says you're the prettiest little thing in the world. Would you like to be in the beauty contest?

VIRGINIA: That sounds fun.

VOICE: Well, I need some information from you then. How old are you?

2 Phone threat

VIRGINIA: Six.

VOICE: And you're four feet tall?

VIRGINIA: Four feet and two inches. I'm tall for my age.

VOICE: You weigh 60 pounds?

VIRGINIA: I don't know.

VOICE: That's okay. And what color is your hair? Brown?

VIRGINIA: No, blond.

VOICE: And you wear it in a pony tail?

VIRGINIA: Yep, down to my shoulders.

VOICE: And your eyes are green?

VIRGINIA: Mama says they're hazel.

VOICE: What school do you go to, Virginia?

3 Phone threat

VIRGINIA: (name of school tk)

VOICE: And you get off from school at 3 every day?

VIRGINIA: Yes.

VOICE: Do you walk home?

VIRGINIA: Uh-huh.

VOICE: Okay, Virginia. That's all I need to know. I'll call you again when it's time for the beauty contest. Goodbye.

VIRGINIA: Bye.

She hangs up, runs into kitchen where LIZ, her mother, who will have been introduced earlier, is washing dishes after dinner, other kids and animals running around.

VIRGINIA: (Excited) Mama, I'm gonna be in a beauty contest. Daddy said I was the prettiest little thing in the world.

LIZ: Beauty contest? What beauty contest, sweetie?

4 Phone threat

VIRGINIA: I don't know. A man just called me on the phone and told me about it.

LIZ: (suspicious) What did he say?

VIRGINIA: Oh, he wanted to know what color my eyes are, and how tall I am--stuff like that.

LIZ: Anything else?

VIRGINIA: Oh, where I go to school and how I walk home and stuff.

LIZ: You told him?

VIRGINIA: Yep. I told him everything.

LIZ: (Stern) Virginia, now listen to me. From now on, I don't want you answering the phone or the door bell. Do you understand?

VIRGINIA: (Nods) But why?

LIZ: You're too little. You let Mama or Daddy or Mattie do it. Do you understand? (VIRGINIA, upset, nods.) I don't want you talking to

→ D?
unfamiliar

5 Phone threat

VIRGINIA: (Nods, unhappy) But what about the beauty contest? Can I be in it?

LIZ: I'll talk to your Daddy, and we'll see about that. Now scoot.

VIRGINIA runs off, excited again. LIZ immediately marches in to JIM's study. JIM is sitting in red leather chair, smoking pipe, poring over big volumes at desk.

LIZ: Jim, sorry to disturb you, but did you enter Virginia in a beauty contest?

JIM: Egghead (OS: This is really Jim's nickname for his wife, but don't need to use it if we don't want), how long have we been married? Eight, nine years? And you don't know me well enough to know the answer to that? Next you'll be asking me if I just called up Earl Warren to congratulate him on the fine job he did on the Kennedy investigation.

LIZ: It's not funny, Jim. A strange man just called Virginia and asked her for a detailed description of herself, claiming you entered her in a beauty contest.

7 Phone threat

got to realize that what you're doing with this thing has consequences for other people for your wife and your children. And we're trying as best we know how, but we're not all as brave as you are. (Sobbing) Jim, I'm scared. I'm scared for your safety, and my safety, and our children's safety.

JIM: (Cold) Are you telling me to stop my investigation because some crank called up Virginia?

You know this
LIZ: No! I don't want you to stop. I just don't know how much more of this I can take. I mean it isn't as if this is the first incident. I can't tell you how many times that phone has rung and I pick it up and there's nothing but silence on the other end. And even worse, all the reporters surrounding the house like animals, trying to push their way in the front door, and you're at the office and I'm here with four kids and a baby in diapers in my arms.. One day they even wanted me to comment on some radio report that you'd been shot. I nearly fell over. Thank God, it was just another false alarm and you were fine. Jim, I don't tell you all that happens because I don't want to bother you, but these things scare me all the way down to my bones.

JIM: The government wants you to be scared, Egghead. They want everybody to be afraid to speak out and expose the lies they've told us. In fact, they count on it. But I repeat. There is nothing to

8 Phone threat

LIZ
This job...
counts...

LIZ: (Looking at him as if she doesn't know him, then speaking quietly) Jim, I'm ~~sorry to say it,~~ but you've changed. Before this Kennedy thing began, nothing mattered to you in this life more than your children. I don't know if that's true any more.

JIM: (Exploding) Of course I've changed. My eyes have opened. I can't keep living the safe, complacent, comfortable, blind life I was leading. The whole world has changed since they killed Jack Kennedy. Egghead, everything has changed. Can't you see that?

LIZ: I don't want to see. (Crying) Jim, I'm tired. I just want to raise our children and live a normal life.

JIM: Egghead, once your eyes are open, what used to look normal seems insane.

LIZ shakes her head, leaves study, frustrated, as if it's impossible to get through to him.

DIVISION
Make Her see...

Shot of LIZ and JIM in bed that night. JIM's eyes are open in the dark. He can't sleep. He gets up, checks in the rooms of sleeping kids to see if they're okay. Typical kids' rooms, two boys in one, two girls in another, baby in crib in third. He pauses for a long

10 Phone threat

Ⓟ: What about
search for
Clay Burton?

LOCKSMITH: Yes, m'am. He ordered it himself last night.

LIZ: (Surprised) Well, okay, come on in, and I'll get him.

LOCKSMITH: And by the way, m'am, that green car outside is waiting to take your kids to school. (LIZ looks confused.) I believe Mr. Garrison ordered round-the-clock guards for you and the children till the Shaw trial is over.

LOCKSMITH goes to work on front door. LIZ goes to study to find JIM tying his tie in front of mirror, listening to Benny Goodman recording of "Sing, Sing, Sing." If we want words, use "On the Sunny Side of the Street." Smiling, she gives him a big hug.

LIZ: You know, I was about to give up on you and pack the kids off to my mother's.

JIM hums along for a few bars with the song that's playing, and they kiss. Alternatively, if we want words, JIM will sing along with the song for a few lines as follows:

JIM: "I used to walk in the shade/ With those blues on parade/ But I'm not afraid/ This Rover crossed over/ If I never have a cent/ I'll be rich as Rockefeller/ Gold dust at my feet/ On the sunny side of

1 Jim's mother scene

(OS: This scene comes right after NBC airs its White Paper trashing Jim, several months after Shaw's pretrial hearing.)

Shot of JIM in back seat of car, thumbwrestling with kids, six-year-old VIRGINIA, and four-year-old SNAPPER, on either side of him. Seven-year-old JASPER is in front seat with police DRIVER, looking out window at bayou as they head from New Orleans to Jim's MOTHER's home in Laurel, Mississippi for a short retreat.

Shot of car arriving on long driveway at MOTHER's home, an old Victorian-style wooden house with screened-in porches, lawn in front, thirty acres of woods surrounding it. Beautiful gardens--azaleas, rhododendrons, etc.--in front. MOTHER is standing on porch to greet them. She is in her seventies, grey hair, a very large, heavysset, domineering woman with a fierce personality, a sharp intellect, and the air of an aristocrat. Dressed very properly in old-fashioned dress. A big, vicious Boxer dog named Beauty is at her side, barking protectively. The KIDS tumble out of the car, race up to kiss her. She formally greets each one, bending down for a kiss. Then she greets JIM with an embrace and kiss, all on porch.

SNAPPER: Daddy, come on, you promised to race us.

2 Jim's mother scene

JIM: It can wait a few minutes, Snapper.

JASPER: No, Daddy, you said the first thing when we got here. The first thing.

JIM: (apologetically to MOTHER) It'll only take a minute.

MOTHER: Well, you go ahead.

VIRGINIA: (Pulling on JIM's leg) Come on, Daddy. All the way up the driveway and back.

MOTHER: Oh, no, young lady. Races are for boys. You come inside with me, and we'll put your hair up properly the way it should be.
(VIRGINIA groans, disappointed, looks to JIM.)

JIM: You go on, Pickle. We'll be along in a couple of minutes.
(More groans from VIRGINIA)

Shot of JIM, lining up to start race against JASPER and SNAPPER.

JIM: Now you have to spot me ten yards for old age.

5 Opening sequence

WAITER: On the house, gentlemen.

JIM: No, thanks. I don't think I could.

KLEIN: (Waving away the food, addresses waiter) Another martini, please. (Turns back to JIM) Well, I didn't always agree with Kennedy. ~~Too liberal for me~~ ^{taste} But I respected him. You always knew where he stood, and he had style.

JIM: I loved the man--everything about him. ^{Intelligence, wit, warmth, vitality.} (Pauses) We'll never see another President like Jack Kennedy. (A lone tear rolling down JIM's cheek)

Cut to exterior of Katzenjammer's Bar on Camp Street, an Irish, working-class bar located in a working-class, seedy area near the Mississippi River, just off Lafayette Square. Blue neon sign blinking out front. Inside, a variety of Irish working men seated on stools at bar, watching TV overhead. A few formica tables with chairs against wall at far end of the room, separated from other patrons by an unused pool table. Seated at a table by themselves, far enough from others not to be heard are GUY BANISTER and JACK MARTIN. BANISTER is sturdy, imposing man in his early 60s, steel-grey hair, blue eyes, ruddy complexion. He is wearing a natty, though inexpensive suit and tie,

7 Jim's mother scene

*Not Accurate. —
Never depressed. Maybe should
have been last scene.*

MOTHER: (Surprised) Jim, you sound like a defeated man. Don't tell me they have you doubting yourself.

JIM: No, no doubts. But sometimes I get so tired. *No*
strength left.

MOTHER: Son, when I was your age, I was facing the Great Depression, raising you and your sister by myself. Your father had begun his world tour sampling the liquor of various countries, and when he found one with unusual alcoholic resources he'd stay for awhile. Meanwhile, we were stuck up in *Evanston,* Indiana, and the winters were mean cold. There were a few nights when concrete was the only bed we had, and you kids had so many holes in your shoes I had to line them with cardboard. You remember that? (JIM nods.) We came down to New Orleans without a cent, no place to live, no job. But even in those darkest of days I'd always say, 'No matter what, I'm going to get this family housed and clothed and fed. Some way, somehow, I'm going to get it done.' You need some of that fight in you now, Jim.

No

JIM: They're powerful, *Mama,* *This competent context don't fit.* It's not just the federal government. Now it's the press and the networks turning the public against us before we even present our case.

8 Opening sequence

their values. That's what happens when you let the niggers vote. They get together with the Jews and the Catholics and elect an Irish bleeding heart.

MARTIN: Chief, you're getting loud. Remember where you are.

BANISTER: Ah, hell. Nobody's listening. (Points at customers at bar) All these goddamn Irish scum are too busy blubbering over their lost saint. Oh yes, I know the way these Catholics think. First, way up on high there's God, an old man with a long white beard. Then, right below him, there's the Pope in some gaudy purple robes and a funny pointed hat. And then, right below him, there's the shining white knight, John Kennedy.

MARTIN: Chief, maybe you've had a bit too much to drink.

BANISTER: Bullshit. (Yelling across room) Bartender, another round. (BANISTER sits and stares at MARTIN defiantly. BARTENDER brings drinks and goes back to bar. BANISTER holds up glass.) Yeah, the New Frontier is over. Camelot in smithereens. I'll drink to that.

Cut back to Tortorici's, JIM and KLEIN watching TV silently.

TV ANNOUNCER: The Dallas Police have just announced that a suspect in the killing of President Kennedy and Dallas Police officer J.D. Tippit

11 Opening sequence

Show BANISTER and MARTIN going upstairs at 531 Lafayette Street. Frosted glass door at top of stairwell has printed lettering on it: "Guy Banister Associates, Inc., Investigators." BANISTER opens several locks on door (he's a security nut), turns on lights. It's a typical detective's office out of a Raymond Chandler novel. Spare desks and simple chairs. Many large filing cabinets. Cubicles in rear. BANISTER pulls bottle out of desk, pours drinks, hands one to MARTIN.

BANISTER: Who would have ever thought that goofy Oswald kid would pull off a stunt like an assassination? (MARTIN doesn't reply.) Just goes to show, you can never know about some people. Am I right, Jack? (MARTIN does not reply. He's frightened, holding back tears. He knows more than he'd like to. BANISTER stares at him.) Well, bless my soul. Your eyes are as red as two cherries, Jack. Don't tell me we have another bleeding heart here. Hell, all these years I thought you were on my side.

MARTIN: Chief, sometimes I don't know whether you're kidding or not.

BANISTER: I couldn't be more serious, Jack. Those big red eyes have me wondering about your loyalty.

12 Opening sequence

MARTIN: Don't do this to me, chief.

(BANISTER shakes his head, stares at him, snorts, as if betrayed.)

MARTIN: Haven't I been running your detective business for you all this time?

BANISTER: I have more important things to do. You know all about that, right, Jack? (MARTIN doesn't reply. BANISTER finishes drink.) You still haven't said anything about the kid. You do think he went crazy, don't you? (MARTIN says nothing.) I see. (BANISTER starts to pour another drink, realizes bottle is empty. Goes over to file cabinet to get another. As he reaches for a fresh bottle on top of file cabinet, he spots a file drawer slightly ajar. He immediately goes into a rage.) My files are wide open! You've been looking through my private files, haven't you, you weasel?

MARTIN: You may not like this, chief, but I've got to say it. You're beginning to act paranoid now. I mean, you really are.

BANISTER: You found out that Dave Ferrie was going to Texas today and you went through all my files to see what was going on. You're a goddamn spy.

MARTIN: Damn it, chief, don't talk to me like that.

BANISTER: (Calmer, more sinister) I always lock my files. And you were the only one here today.

13 Opening sequence

MARTIN: (He's had enough, offended at assault on his integrity, fights back with a burst of emotion) Why would I need to look in your files? I saw enough here all summer to write a book.

BANISTER: What do you mean, you son-of-a-bitch?

MARTIN: You know what I mean. I saw a lot of strange things going on in your office this summer. And certain unusual people.

BANISTER: (Enraged, pulls .357 Magnum from his holster. Holding it flat in his hand, he yells as he swings the pistol full into MARTIN'S temple, slamming him to the ground.) You didn't see a goddamn thing. Do you get it? You didn't see a goddamn thing! (The camera swirls, reflecting MARTIN'S slide into unconsciousness.)

Cut to JIM and his wife, LIZ, an attractive blond woman in her early thirties, at their home on Owens Blvd. in New Orleans. It is a spacious two-story brick house, suburban in feel. Decorated with a combination of comfortable old furniture and functional 1950s-style new pieces appropriate for a family with small children. It is Saturday afternoon, day after assassination. JIM and LIZ are sitting on couch in den, watching TV reports of events in Dallas. Their oldest child, JASPER, four, sits with them, holding his father's hand.

14 Opening sequence

On LIZ's lap is their youngest child, SNAPPER, less than a year old. VIRGINIA, the two-year-old, is pestering a big, calm Boxer dog named Touchdown elsewhere in the room. (OS: JIM's other two kids born between 1964 and 1966 when investigation resumes.)

TV ANNOUNCER: . . . Twenty-four hours after the assassination, a portrait is emerging of Lee Harvey Oswald, the man charged with the murder of the President. Described as shy and introverted, he spent much of his childhood in New Orleans, Louisiana, and went to high school there. After a stint in the Marines, he apparently became fascinated by Communism and defected to the Soviet Union. He got married to a Russian woman there, had a child, and then returned to the U.S. after 30 months. But he is still believed to be a dedicated Marxist and a fanatical supporter of Fidel Castro. He spent last summer in New Orleans and was arrested in a brawl with anti-Castro Cuban exiles. Oswald had been passing out pro-Castro pamphlets for an organization called Fair Play for Cuba, a Communist front he reportedly belongs to . . .

JIM: (Getting up, Picks up phone, dials) Frank, sorry to intrude on your weekend, but we better get on this New Orleans connection of Oswald's right away. Have a couple of investigators check out his record, find any of his friends or associates from last summer, follow

16 Opening sequence

IVON: I think I remember hearing Ferrie speak at a meeting of some veterans group. He was ranting against the Communists, Fidel Castro, that sort of thing. Extreme stuff. Somebody told me he worked for the CIA training pilots for the Bay of Pigs invasion.

WILLIAMS: (Getting up, going over to TV, turning up volume) Hey, they're about to transfer Oswald out of police headquarters.

TV shows Oswald being pushed and shoved through cops and reporters in basement of Dallas police headquarters. Then shows Jack Ruby rushing forward and shooting Oswald. Chaos. Gasps in the meeting room in New Orleans.

WILLIAMS: (softly) Holy shit. Seventy cops in that basement. I'd sure hate to be the Dallas Police Chief right now. He's gonna have a lot of explaining to do.

KLEIN: Well, no trials now. Looks like somebody saved the Dallas DA a pile of work.

JIM: Hold it. We don't know what this is going to mean. All I know is we have work to do here in New Orleans. We'll leave the tube on. D'Alton, you take a look at it once in a while and keep us posted.

17 Opening sequence

Everybody else, get on the phones. By tonight I want to know everything there is to know about David Ferrie--what was on those signs he was pasting up in the French Quarter, what political groups he belongs to, who his friends were last summer, and most important, more on his connection with Oswald. (Meeting starts to break up.)

Cut to montage of all the assistants and investigators on phones, looking through files, occasional shot of clock on wall behind them showing passage of hours. In middle of the montage show DALTON WILLIAMS checking in on the TV. Show JFK coffin lying in state at Rotunda in Capitol in Washington. Show part of eulogy if it's available. Show massive crowds of mourners filing by.

TV ANNOUNCER: Among the first dignitaries who filed by to pay their last respects to the fallen President was newly sworn-in President Lyndon Johnson, who has now returned to the White House for what we are told will be a series of meetings on foreign policy issues this afternoon.

Cut to scene, not on TV, of LYNDON JOHNSON in Oval Office of White House, meeting with U.S. Ambassador to Vietnam HENRY CABOT LODGE. Several aides are also present. This scene is taking place on Sunday afternoon, simultaneously with JIM's investigators checking out Ferrie and the mourners filing by JFK coffin in Rotunda.

19 Opening sequence

fidgeting, trying to decide something, finally picks up telephone and dials.

MARTIN: Hello, you know who this is? Good. I ~~am in grave danger and~~ must remain anonymous, but I have some important information. . .

Cut to one of the assistant DAs, HERMAN KOHLMAN, on phone, taking notes, listening intently.

Cut to JIM at his desk in his office, KLEIN standing near him with a paper in hand.

KLEIN: Apparently Ferrie ran a Civil Air Patrol unit for teenagers who were too young to sign up for the military. It was sort of a social thing, but he'd teach them basic things about flying and combat. He had a simulated cockpit in his attic that the kids used for training. And here's the kicker. Guess who was in the unit?

JIM: The freshest corpse in Dallas, Texas--Lee Harvey Oswald.

KLEIN: You got it.

Show HERMAN KOHLMAN running into the office, very excited.

20 Opening sequence

KOHLMAN: Boss, I just got a pretty wild lead. The source insists on anonymity, but my contact who talked to him assures me he's thoroughly reliable. He says David Ferrie took off driving like a bat out of hell for Texas on the day of the assassination. Now hold on to your chair. He believes Ferrie was supposed to be a getaway pilot for the assassin.

JIM: Good work, Herman. You're sure this contact of yours is trustworthy?

KOHLMAN: Absolutely.

JIM: Well, Frank, no point wasting any more time. I think we better question Mr. Ferrie. Take a couple of men over to his apartment. If he's not there, stake it out till he comes home. Then bring him in.

Cut to KLEIN, DALTON WILLIAMS, LOU IVON knocking on door of FERRIE'S apartment at 3300 Louisiana Parkway. It is night by now. The apartment is in a two-story house. It has a spiral stairway outside leading into a screened porch. A 16-year-old boy, ALVIN BEAUBOEUF, answers the door. He looks tired and unkempt. Also inside in the apartment is another teenager, MELVIN COFFEE. These are the two boys who drove to Texas with Ferrie.

21 Opening sequence

KLEIN: We're with the DA's office. We'd like to talk to David Ferrie, please.

BEAUBOEUF: He's not here.

KLEIN: This is his home, isn't it?

BEAUBOEUF: Yeah, but I don't know when he'll be here.

KLEIN: Do you mind if we come in and wait?

BEAUBOEUF: Suit yourself. (He opens door, lets them in.)

KLEIN: Mind if we look around?

BEAUBOEUF: (Gestures to go ahead) If you want. It's kind of a mess.

They look around, as camera shows the place. MELVIN COFFEE is sacked out on a couch in the living room, asleep. The living room is cluttered with thousands of books on a breathtaking variety of subjects, some in Latin, Spanish, French, Italian. A few phony doctoral degrees in theology are on the wall. There are full ashtrays everywhere spilling onto the floor, old paper coffee cups, dirty dishes. General filth and clutter of a sloppy bachelor place. An old

1 First Ferrie interrogation

DAVID FERRIE, tired and nervous, is brought into JIM's office by two cops. FERRIE looks like a Halloween character--greased eyebrows, one higher than the other, scruffy reddish wig pasted on askew with glue, ill-fitting used khaki clothes. JIM, flawlessly dressed in tailored suit, smoking pipe, stands behind big desk, towers over FERRIE. (OS: office is described in opening scene--to come later) They shake hands.

JIM: Come in, Mr. Ferrie. Have a seat, make yourself comfortable.
Coffee?

FERRIE nods. They both sit.

JIM: (over intercom) Loraine, could you please bring in some coffee for Mr. Ferrie?

FERRIE: Call me Dave. Everyone calls me Dave.

JIM: All right, Dave.

2 First Ferrie interrogation

FERRIE: Do you remember me, Mr. Garrison? I met you on Carondelet Street right after your election. I was happy for you and I congratulated you? Remember?

JIM: How could I forget? You nearly knocked me down at rush hour in the middle of one of the busiest intersections in New Orleans. You make quite a first impression. (He laughs.)

LORAINÉ brings in coffee for FERRIE. He gulps it nervously.

JIM: (Not intimidating. Trying to put FERRIE at ease) I've heard over the years that you're a first-rate pilot, Dave. Legend has it that you can get in and out of any field, no matter how small.

FERRIE: I wouldn't go that far, but I can hold my own in most situations. I love flying.

JIM: I'm a bit of a pilot myself, you know. Flew grasshoppers for the field artillery in the war. I still have a commercial license, but I don't have much time for flying any more.

FERRIE: (Nodding nervously, jittery, not really listening. Takes out cigarette) Do you mind if I smoke, Mr. Garrison?

4 First Ferrie interrogation

looks relieved.) There is one other matter that's come up, Dave. We were told that you took a trip to Texas shortly after the assassination on Friday.

FERRIE: Yeah, now that's true. I drove to Houston.

JIM: What was so appealing about Houston?

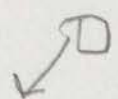
FERRIE: I hadn't been ice skating in many years, and I had a couple of young friends with me, and we decided we wanted to go ice skating.

JIM: (Puffing on pipe, brow knitted) Dave, may I ask why the urge to go ice skating in Texas happened to strike you during one of the most violent thunderstorms in recent memory?

FERRIE: Oh, it was just a spur of the moment thing, and that storm wasn't as bad as they say.

JIM: I see. Now Dave, could you please tell me exactly where you drove on this journey?

FERRIE: We went straight to Houston and checked in at the (name tk) motel. Then Saturday we went skating for a few hours at the Wonderland rink on the edge of town, and then that night we drove to Galveston and stayed over there.



5 First Ferrie interrogation

JIM: Why Galveston?

FERRIE: No particular reason. Just to go somewhere.

JIM: Uh-huh. And the name of your motel there?

FERRIE: Let's see. I think it was the (name tk).

JIM: Yes, and then Sunday?

FERRIE: In' the morning we went goose hunting. Then we headed home, but we took a detour to Alexandria to visit some relatives of one of the boys. So I dropped them off, ^{and} stayed overnight at the university near there at Hammond.

JIM: Dave, did you bag any geese on your hunting trip?

FERRIE: Yes, sir. I believe the boys got a couple.

JIM: Are you sure?

FERRIE: Yes, I think so.

7 First Ferrie interrogation

FERRIE is seen being escorted by two cops down corridor to jail.

Cut to press conference being conducted by public relations man of FBI New Orleans bureau. Dressed in gray suit and tie, he is reading a statement in a monotone, stumbling slightly over the syntax.

FBI PUBLIC RELATIONS MAN: Gentlemen, this afternoon the FBI released David W. Ferrie, of 3300 Louisiana Avenue Parkway, New Orleans. After extensive questioning and a thorough background check, the Bureau found no evidence that Mr. Ferrie knew Lee Harvey Oswald or that he had any connection with the assassination of President Kennedy. The Special Agent in Charge would like to make clear that Mr. Ferrie was brought in for questioning ^{yesterday,} by the District Attorney of Orleans Parish, not by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The Bureau regrets any trouble this may have caused Mr. Ferrie.

REPORTERS: (Shouting questions simultaneously) Who is David Ferrie? Why was he questioned? What's the connection to the assassination?

PUBLIC RELATIONS MAN: I read you the entire statement. The Bureau has nothing to add on this matter. Thank you, gentlemen. (He walks away, as reporters and cameramen, lightbulbs flashing, pursue him to no avail.)

1 Sen. Long

OK here at this point.

Scroll on screen says "October 1966." JIM and SENATOR RUSSELL LONG of Louisiana are seated in an airplane, taking off from Washington to New York.

JIM: Senator Long, I want to thank you for inviting me along to your speech tonight.

LONG: Hell, Jim, you know how it is when you have to address a bunch of New Yorkers. You need a fellow Louisianan with you for support.

JIM: I always welcome the opportunity to get up to New York. It sure injects a little excitement into a dull business trip to Washington. (They sit back. Stewardess brings drinks. Plane tilts to left as it takes off. White House is visible below. JIM points out window.) There's the White House.

LONG: I'd rather not look. That's a mess down there. Yes, sir, we're living in troubled times, Jim. We got ourselves in quicksand over there in Vietnam, we're besieged by rabblers in the streets at home, all these hippies are running around on drugs, and the way the young people look you can't tell a boy from a girl any more. No, sir, I wouldn't like to be in Lyndon Johnson's shoes.

15 Opening sequence

~~15 Opening sequence~~

any interesting leads. Let's meet with the senior assistants and investigators in my office at 11 a.m. sharp tomorrow.

Cut to JIM's office. JIM at conference table with senior assistant DAs FRANK KLEIN, D'ALTON WILLIAMS, HERMAN KOHLMAN, ANDREW SCIAMBRA, police investigator LOU IVON, and one other unnamed cop. A portable black and white TV is on a side table, announcer's voice low, showing current news from Dallas.

KLEIN: . . . As far as Oswald's associates, Boss, the one name that keeps coming up is David Ferrie. Oswald was seen with him several times last summer.

JIM: Who is this guy?

KLEIN: Sounds like a bit of an adventurer. Used to be a hotshot pilot for Eastern Airlines, but he got canned after an alleged homosexual incident with a minor.

JIM: Any record on that?

KLEIN: No, no criminal charges filed. There was one complaint filed against Ferrie, though, in early 1961. A misdemeanor. Illegally posting handbills on a restaurant in the French Quarter. But it was refused for prosecution by the owner.

Ferrie - No Handbills

Handbills of Ferrie Handy Nov 1961?

4 Opening sequence

few businessmen and tourists sitting at tables, staring at TV. Shot of JIM and KLEIN at table, staring at TV, nursing drinks, KLEIN a martini, JIM a Jack Daniel's.

TV ANNOUNCER: (preferably Cronkite, solemn, visibly shaken) We have just received a bulletin from Parkland Hospital. President Kennedy has died. I repeat. (raises hand to head, voice breaks) President Kennedy has died. It is a sad day for America. (Pauses as piece of paper is handed to him) We are told that shortly there will be an announcement from the surgeons at Parkland Hospital. We will go direct to Dan Rather at the scene just as soon as the surgeons appear. For now, I repeat: President Kennedy has died of gunshot wounds he received at Dealey Plaza in Dallas shortly after 12:30 p.m. Less than three years into his term, John F. Kennedy, 35th President of the United States, is dead.

Sounds of shock, sobbing in restaurant. Shot of JIM and KLEIN sitting in stunned silence. KLEIN gulps down his drink.

JIM: (Shaking head) I still can't believe it.

~~Vanished. Just like that. (Snaps fingers)~~

Silence. Waiter brings plates of appetizers.

1 DA Convention

(OS: This scene takes place late in the film, after Jim has made some provocative speeches, been set up in LA Airport, etc.)

Show JIM and CHARLIE WARD, his chief assistant DA, strolling into lobby of Monteleone Hotel, a grand old hotel in French Quarter, lobby abustle with well-dressed lawyers. It's a hot, muggy day, ceiling fans whirling. A big banner in lobby says "Welcome National Association of District Attorneys Conventioneers!" Show JIM and WARD entering a suite of rooms, greeted by BILL RAGGIO, a prosperous, conservatively dressed, graying but tough-looking man in his late ^{40s,} ~~30s,~~ and ED TIRELLA, another similar type. A National Association of District Attorneys banner is on the wall.

*but really
OK /
no
change
needed.*

BILL: (Shaking hands with JIM) Howdy, there, Jim. Been awhile. Too long.

JIM: Welcome to New Orleans, Bill.

BILL: Jim, do you know Ed Tirella, from Nassau County, New York? Ed is going to receive our DA of the Year Award tonight at the grand finale banquet.

6 Phone threat

*LIZ: For God's sake, what are you made of?
Doesn't anything ever get to you? My hands
are trembling - and you're putting on your
pope like w/ analogy ...*

JIM: You know I don't believe in nonsense like that.

LIZ: (Shaken) Right. The man wanted to know what school she went to, how she walked home, and she told him. That man could be a kidnapper or a murderer, Jim. I'm scared.

JIM: Nothing to be afraid of. Just a crank making phone calls. Happens a dozen times a day at the office.

LIZ: Jim, we have an unlisted number. I don't like it.

JIM: There's a lot of human garbage out there, Egghead. But only cowards make crank calls. Nothing is going to happen.

LIZ: (Losing control) How can you be so sure? You're the one who's ~~always saying the government killed the President, they killed Oswald, they killed all those witnesses. Well, why couldn't they come after you, or me, or Virginia, or any of the kids?~~ *If they killed the president*

JIM: Egghead, get hold of yourself.

LIZ: (Pauses, composes herself) Jim, you know I'm behind you ~~110 percent in this investigation. I think you're right to go after them. And sometimes I sit here and I'm in awe of your courage. But you've~~

9 Phone threat

time, watching them sleep. LIZ appears behind him, watches, then hugs him from behind.

JIM: (Startled, not wanting to show his concern for kids) Oh, I was just on my way downstairs. Thinking about a ~~fine~~^{something} point in the case.

LIZ: Sure, my tough guy. You're as worried about the kids as I am.

JIM: Who's worried? I was just going downstairs to take some notes.

Peeved that he still won't admit his concern, LIZ turns and goes back to bed. Shot of JIM downstairs at his desk, starting to make phone call. Cut back to LIZ, who's lying in bed, eyes open, sleepless, worried.

Next morning, shots of LIZ cooking in kitchen, kids getting ready for school. Chaos. Doorbell rings. LIZ, cautious, answers it.

POLICE LOCKSMITH: Good morning, Mrs. Garrison. I'm Joe Scalia, police security specialist. I'm here to change your door locks and secure your windows.

LIZ: (Suspicious) Does my husband know about this?

5 Jim's mother scene

their hands through a chainlink fence, dry dogfood in their hands, waiting for BEAUTY to bite off their fingers.

VIRGINIA: Jasper, I'm sure Beauty's gonna bite me. Why can't we just put it in a bowl?

JASPER: Because if you don't do ^{what grandmother says,} it'll be worse than getting your finger bit off.

Cut to JIM and MOTHER on porch, sipping lemonade.

MOTHER: Jim, how are you? You look a bit peaked.

JIM: I'm fine, mother. ^{No problems we can't solve,} Working a little too hard. There's a lot of ~~pressure~~ on the office now.

MOTHER: I saw that program about you on NBC the other night. Made me hopping mad. I mean, really. Getting that collection of riffraff to say all those dreadful things about you--convicts, operators of bathhouses, such obvious confidence men.

Too bland?
↓
JIM: I'm afraid that's been pretty typical of the press. ^{You shouldn't let the name media get to you like that.}

MOTHER: Oh, ~~don't~~ I know it. ^{Well, somebody should be careful - even if you're not, Did you know that} Somebody is making sure to send me all the nasty clippings anonymously in the mail. But this program was the

6 Jim's mother scene

worst yet. I nearly threw my shoe through the TV set. Imagine these hoodlums and hooligans casting aspersions on your loyalty to America. Why, you're more American than any of them. Don't you ever forget, Jim, that your great-great-great grandfather McFerrin came over to this country from County Monahan, Ireland, in 1769 and fought against the British alongside General Washington himself. Oh, by the way, I got the Laurel chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution to write a letter of protest to NBC, and you ought to get your chapter of the Sons to do the same.

JIM: They dropped me like I was a leper as soon as the bad publicity began.

MOTHER: That's most distressing.

JIM: Doesn't matter.

MOTHER: Nobody is going to treat my son that way.

JIM: Who cares? Stufiest people I ever met.

MOTHER: Well, this will hurt Aunt Lydia deeply, but I have no choice. I'll simply have to tender my resignation from the DAR.

JIM: ^{So?} The Society of Former Special Agents of the FBI dumped me too. The Metropolitan Crime Commission's been taking out full-page ads attacking the investigation. And the editorials in the Times-Picayune never stop. ^(He grins.) (He pauses, looks out at children playing croquet, then says ~~warily~~) They wear you down.

(You can't be a Reuben, and Reubens had red blood - their name. They got mad. They blew up! JIM: I don't care red blood in my hair)
That just makes life more interesting. I don't know how much it would be if everybody hated you
MOTHER: You're injurious. The Reuben's name was so damn easy going. If that was all, NO ANY of these answers. I don't think you should be so hard on me.
So what? (shrugs)

8 Jim's mother scene

MOTHER: Well, if the newspapers and TV won't do their job, you have to find a way around them, talk to people directly. One thing I'm sure of: Americans know the difference between right and wrong. If you tell them the truth, son, they'll support you.

JIM, silent and ~~weary~~, looks out at children playing croquet. End scene. Next sequence will show Jim going out on stump to speak at universities and churches.

↓ Talk to
Nunn Berto

3 Jim's mother scene

JASPER: All right, Daddy. You go up there.

They line up, JIM a few yards ahead.

JIM: Okay, you have to touch the road, then turn back and first one back to the porch is the champion of the Garrisons. On your mark, get set, go.

Shot of them running, JIM holding back to make it tight, SNAPPER trailing.

Shot of VIRGINIA at antique table inside house in front of old wood-framed mirror in living room, MOTHER brushing VIRGINIA's hair. House is furnished with beautiful antiques. Big picture window, out of which MOTHER watches birds.

MOTHER: Now there, that's the way a proper young lady ought to wear her hair.

VIRGINIA: Grandma, why . . .

MOTHER: (Stern) You must call me Grandmother, Virginia. I refuse to be a grandma.

4 Jim's mother scene

VIRGINIA: Grandmother, why didn't Elizabeth and Eberhart and Mama come with us to see you?

MOTHER: They'll come another time, Virginia. Your grandmother is too old to have all five of you children at once. (She spots a bird out window, raises binoculars which have been dangling from around her neck) Look, Virginia, a scarlet tanager. How magnificent!

Cut back to race. JIM lets JASPER pull ahead as they reach the road and turn back.

Cut back to kitchen. MOTHER and VIRGINIA taking lemonade from refrigerator and pouring it into glasses.

Cut to end of race. JIM pulls ahead and just edges out JASPER. SNAPPER straggles in, exhausted. They collapse on wicker chairs and swing on porch. MOTHER and VIRGINIA bring out lemonade. They all drink.

MOTHER: Now, children, I've put out the croquet set for you, but first take Beauty to her doghouse and feed her. And remember she must eat from your hands the way I showed you last time.

KIDS gulp down lemonade, take BEAUTY with them to doghouse. BEAUTY is barking, scaring them. Shot of them, terrified, diffidently putting

18 Opening sequence

JOHNSON: Ambassador Lodge, I want you to know right off that I am not going to lose Vietnam. I am not going to see all of Southeast Asia go the way of China under my Presidency.

+ LODGE: You may not be aware of this, Mr. President. But President Kennedy had issued orders for a withdrawal of 1,000 of our advisers from Vietnam by December 31, and he'd set a goal of withdrawal of all U.S. personnel by 1965.

+ JOHNSON: Those orders are suspended as of today, Ambassador Lodge. We are in the midst of a national crisis. I am not an elected President, and I won't be until a year from now. The slightest sign of weakness could be misinterpreted by the Communists. Under no circumstances will we withdraw any personnel from Vietnam. You tell President ^{— it is President Minh, right? —} Minh we shall maintain in his country whatever American personnel and materials they need to assist them in defeating the Communists.

? □ ?
Cut to shot of JACK MARTIN in hospital bed, bandages wrapped around his head. He is looking out the window as sun sets. He is worried,

3 First Ferrie interrogation

JIM: (Holding out lit pipe) How could I? (Puffs on pipe) Dave, I had you come in because I'd like to ask you a few questions. I talked to your lawyer, Wray Gill, and he says you don't need him present. Is that right?

FERRIE nods, lights cigarette, fumbles with it.

JIM: Dave, as you know, President Kennedy was assassinated on Friday. A man named Lee Harvey Oswald was arrested as a suspect and then was murdered yesterday by a man named Jack Ruby. We've heard reports that Oswald spent the summer in New Orleans, and we're talking to people who might be able to tell us something about him. We've been advised that you knew Lee Oswald.

FERRIE: (Jumpy) No, no, that's not true. I never met anybody named Oswald. Anybody who told you that has to be crazy.

JIM: (Calm and understated throughout) May I show you a photo of the suspect? (Hands him a newspaper with Oswald's picture) I'm sure you've seen this. Perhaps you knew this man under another name?

FERRIE: No, I never saw him before in my life.

JIM: (Unfazed) Well, that must have been mistaken information we got. Thanks for straightening it out for us. (Inhales on pipe. FERRIE

~~NO, I~~
NO, I

6 First Ferrie interrogation

JIM: Your young friends told us ^{they}~~you~~ didn't get any.

FERRIE: (Fidgeting, lighting another cigarette) Oh, yes, well, come to think of it, maybe the boys are right. Yes, yes, we got to where the geese were, and there were thousands of them. But you couldn't approach them. They were a wise bunch of birds.

JIM: Your young friends also told us you had no weapons in the car. Dave, isn't it a bit difficult to hunt for geese without a shotgun?

FERRIE: Yes, now I remember, Mr. Garrison. I'm sorry I got confused. We got out there near the geese and it was only then we realized we'd forgotten our shotguns. Stupid, right? So of course we didn't get any geese.

JIM: I see. (Inhales pipe for a moment, then stands up) Dave, thank you for your time. I'm sorry this has to end inconveniently for you, but I'm going to have to have you ^{held}~~detained~~ for further questioning by the FBI.

FERRIE: (Shaken) Why? What's wrong?

JIM: Dave, I find your story simply not believable.

4 Reading Warren Report

JASPER: Mama, look what I drew. (Shows her his picture)

LIZ: That's beautiful, sweetheart.

VIRGINIA and SNAPPER come running in. JIM stands up, puts VIRGINIA on one foot and SNAPPER on other and dances with them, holding each with one hand.

JIM: Pickle and Snapper, my two favorite dancing partners. May I have this last waltz? (They dance and fall off his feet and laugh. He throws each in air and kisses them.) Goodnight, my pumpkins.

KIDS: Goodnight, Daddy. (They troop out, LIZ rounding them up and following. JIM returns to studying books.)

Cut to JASPER coming into study in pajamas, carrying a plate of food.

JASPER: (Placing plate on desk) Mama says you need to eat something.

JIM: Why, thank you, Jasper. *Son*.

JASPER: Did you like my drawing, Daddy?

JIM: (Distracted) Huh? Oh, sure, Jasper.

-1 Bertel Funeral

(OS: This scene comes fairly late in the film, as break from relentless pace.)

Shots of a cemetery, a small circle of mourners gathered around a grave site, a coffin ready to be lowered, a priest conducting service. This is the funeral of the mother of NUMA BERTEL, a lawyer on JIM's staff. (OS: NUMA will have been introduced earlier as the lawyer who handles all the crazies who descend on JIM's office after the investigation becomes public.) Camera focuses on NUMA holding back tears. We spot IVON, SCIAMBRA, and perhaps a couple of others from the office, all looking somber, all in dark suits. A few unidentified women and children are crying. As PRIEST is finishing the service, JIM slips quietly in at back of crowd, towering over others, eyes lowered.

PRIEST: ... And so with love and respect, we lay to rest Mrs. (name tk) Bertel, beloved wife of (name tk), mother of Numa, and (name tk), grandmother of (names tk). (He makes sign of cross). Anima eius, et animae omnium fidelium defunctorum, per misericordiam Dei, requiescat in pace.

MOURNERS: Amen.

22 Opening sequence

upright piano in one corner. In another corner, cages filled with mice for medical experiments. KLEIN goes into bedroom. Unmade bed. A rifle and some ammunition on a table. Clothes strewn all over the floor. He looks in closet, pulls out a priest's robes and looks at them. They're the only nicely kept thing in the place. (OS: Ferrie was a defrocked novitiate priest of an esoteric church.) Puts them back. In bathroom he finds globs of glue on mirror, where FERRIE puts on his wig. Greasepaint, makeup kit on sink. Kitchen is also cluttered with dirty dishes, mostly coffee cups, cigarette ash, rotting food. KLEIN returns to living room, sits down to wait with the others, says nothing. He looks up at an enormous map of Cuba on wall across from him. Camera focuses on it.

Cut to FERRIE interrogation scene. (OS: You already have a draft of that.) KLEIN and IVON bringing FERRIE into JIM's office.

2 Reading Warren Report

believe it. A police captain running the investigation. A veteran of thirty years on the force. How could he possibly let that happen?

LIZ: Jim, dinner?

JIM: If I even let a minor felon be interrogated without counsel here, it'd be all over the papers. I'd catch hell. (LIZ raises eyebrows, JIM finally notices.) Oh, I'm not hungry. You all go ahead. I'll catch a bite later.

JIM goes back to his open book. LIZ closes door behind her. Show LIZ and five kids, ages 7, 5, 4, 2, 1, at table. The two-year-old is in a high chair. The one-year-old in diapers at LIZ's side. A black housekeeper, MATTIE, brings in food. Show them passing plates, horsing around, LIZ picking up baby.

Cut back to JIM in study. JASPER, the seven-year-old, tiptoes in, carrying drawing paper and crayons.

JASPER: Daddy, Mama says I can draw in here with you if I'm real quiet.

JIM: (Looking up, barely noticing) Fine, Jasper, you go right ahead.

3 Reading Warren Report

Show JASPER drawing, JIM reading, no contact between them.

Cut to LIZ, finishing washing dishes with MATTIE.

Cut to the five-year-old, VIRGINIA, four-year-old SNAPPER, and two-year-old ELIZABETH, watching TV cartoons (Crusader Rabbit?)

Cut to LIZ taking baby, EB, to bathroom to bathe him, splashing with rubber duck.

Cut to JIM and JASPER in study. LIZ enters with EB and ELIZABETH in pajamas.

LIZ: Say goodnight to Daddy. (She holds EB up to JIM, who tosses baby in air, kisses him, hands him back to LIZ.)

ELIZABETH rushes up to JIM and jumps on his lap. He tickles her.

JIM: Who do we have here? Wizzawat! (She laughs and squeals.)

LIZ: (Yelling out door) Virginia, Lyon, get in here and say goodnight. Jasper, it's time for you to start getting ready for bed too.

5 Reading Warren Report

JASPER: Goodnight, Daddy. (Kisses Jim, starts to leave) Daddy, I like drawing with you.

Cut to LIZ changing into pajamas. Then show her entering study in robe. JIM looks up.

JIM: Egghead (his real nickname for her), this is truly amazing. Did you know that the Secret Service removed the protective bubble from the President's limousine the morning of the assassination? And all along the parade route there were open windows and people on roofs. (LIZ, tired, does not respond.) Don't you see? That's an incredible lapse in security. It's standard for the Secret Service to shut all windows and clear all roofs along the route of a Presidential motorcade.

LIZ: Jim, you're the DA of New Orleans. Isn't the Kennedy assassination a bit outside your job description? I mean all those important people already studied all this. It's history.

JIM: The more I read, the more convinced I am it was a whitewash. Their explanation that Oswald was the lone assassin is a fairy tale. It contradicts their own evidence. I don't even believe Earl Warren read what was in these volumes.

6 Reading Warren Report

LIZ: Well, maybe you're right, Jim. But it's waited three years, so it can wait another night. It's late, and I'm exhausted. Will you come to bed soon?

JIM: Sure, sure, I'll just read a little more and I'll be up.
(Kisses her) Goodnight, Egghead.

LIZ: Goodnight.

Show LIZ in bed, fast asleep.

Cut to JIM, a lone light on in study, engrossed in volumes. A big Boxer dog, TOUCHDOWN, lying on carpet beside him.

Cut back to LIZ in bed, stirring, looking at empty pillow beside her, glancing at illuminated clock saying 4 a.m. She gets up, puts on robe, goes down to study, opens door.

JIM: (excited) Egghead, look at this! A Lieutenant Colonel testifies in here that Lee Oswald was given a Russian language examination as part of his training at El Toro Marine Base in California. A Russian exam! Only a few months before he defected to the Soviet Union.

7 Reading Warren Report

LIZ: Jim, it's four in the morning.

JIM: In all my years in the service I never knew a single man who was given a test in the Russian language. Oswald was supposedly on anti-aircraft duty. He would have about as much use for Russian as a cat would have for pajamas.

LIZ: Please, Jim. All you've been doing for the last two weeks is read those books. You don't eat. You don't sleep. You need to take care of yourself.

JIM: And then this Colonel tries to make it sound like it means nothing. Oswald did badly on the test, he says. He only got two more Russian words right than wrong. Ha! That's like me saying Touchdown here (pointing to dog) is not very intelligent because I beat him three games out of five the last time we played chess.

LIZ: Jim, what are you going to do? Stay up all night every night till you get through those books? For what? So you'll be the only man in America who read the entire 26 volumes of the Warren Commission?

JIM: Egghead, do I have to spell it out for you? Lee Oswald was no ordinary soldier. He was in military intelligence. That's why he was

8 Reading Warren Report

trained in Russian. Let's see, he was in the Marines, so that means he had to be working for the Office of Naval Intelligence.

LIZ: Jim, it's too late for this. Please come to bed.

JIM: Okay, okay. I have to digest this anyway. (He turns off light.)

Cut to JIM and LIZ in bed, she fast asleep, he lying with eyes open, thinking. End scene. Next scene will be JIM and FRANK KLEIN going around Lafayette Square together to survey the intelligence complex in New Orleans.

2 Opening sequence

and will be available for use if you want.) JIM is very tall, striking, elegantly dressed in tailored suit and tie. The office is classy and large, dominated by walls of books, mostly legal but a wide range of other stuff too. Hardly your typical DA's office. On the desk are a chess set and a thick volume of Complete Works of Shakespeare, intercom, telephone. On one wall hang JIM's ten air medals from World War II, framed photos of JIM as young pilot in field artillery, and his framed law degrees. On a credenza sits a Nazi helmet with swastika and a bullet hole through it, and framed photos of piles of gaunt bodies of prisoners at Dachau, which JIM took himself the day U.S. troops, JIM among them, took the concentration camp. These are constant reminders to JIM of power of fascism and will be referred to in later scene when oilman tries to bribe JIM. (OS: all these things available from Jim) Clock on wall shows 12:34. FRANK KLEIN, JIM's chief assistant, blond, disciplined ex-Marine in his mid-40s, strong but lean, bursts in the door without knocking.

KLEIN: (rushing, breathless) The President has been shot!

JIM looks up, stunned, a look of disbelief and horror on his face.

KLEIN: In Dallas, just a few minutes ago.

JIM: How bad is it?

2 • VBB 25
1 Opening sequence

(OS: In the opening sequence, I think it would be best to use live coverage of the assassination from the TV networks, if possible. I've given dialogue for announcements of key events, but obviously if live footage is available, then that dialogue would be replaced by clips showing equivalent announcements. I also think it would be best to show CBS, if possible. As a young reporter, Dan Rather got his first big break covering the assassination in Dallas. This would help connect the events of 25 years ago to today for young audiences.)

The film starts with footage of JFK in Dallas parade, waving to crowd, no bubble on limousine, Jackie and Gov. Connally and his wife with him. Crowd cheering, applauding as limousine slows and turns corner from Houston Street onto Elm. Then hear shots, show chaos, limousine pausing, then taking off for hospital, but all this should be unclear. Perhaps better not to use the Zapruder film here. If no alternative, then show Zapruder film in a way that it's hard for the audience to make out what's happening. Later, of course, at Shaw's trial, the Zapruder film will be shown Rashomon-style to clarify what actually happened.

Cut to JIM GARRISON seated, going through an open file at his desk in the DA's office of New Orleans. (OS: It is a beautiful old building

3 Opening sequence

KLEIN: No word yet.

JIM: (getting up, heading rapidly for back elevator) Come on.
Tortorici's has a TV set.

Shot of KLEIN driving, JIM in front passenger seat of car. They sit in silence, listening to radio bulletins from Dallas.

RADIO ANNOUNCER: . . . The President was rushed by the Secret Service to Parkland Hospital four miles from Dealey Plaza. His wife, Jackie, and Governor and Mrs. Connally of Texas were with him. We have no further information on the President's condition, but there is a confirmed report that he was struck by at least one bullet in the head. Governor Connally also appeared to be hit. Surgeons in the emergency room at Parkland Hospital are treating the President, but I repeat, we have no information on his condition.

JIM: (hopeful) Maybe there's still a chance . . . (KLEIN does not reply.)

Cut to interior of Tortorici's Italian restaurant on Royal Street in French Quarter. Red and white table cloths. Maitre d' in black and white with bow tie. TV set over the bar near front of restaurant. A

6 Opening sequence

with a small rose bud in his lapel. MARTIN, a thin, small; mousy man in his mid-50s, is wearing a nondescript dark blue suit and dull tie. Both have been drinking Wild Turkey bourbon quite heavily. This bar is noisier than Tortorici's, more talk at bar, but TV blares loudly so BANISTER and MARTIN can still hear it.

TV ANNOUNCER: The news of President Kennedy's death has been greeted with shock and mourning across the country. For the first of several live reports, here's (name tk) on the street at Dealey Plaza.

REPORTER: Most of the crowd has gone home, but there are still many stunned people wandering around in Dealey Plaza, unable to comprehend what happened here earlier today. (He has several men, women and children gathered around him. Shoves microphone in face of one woman.) What is your reaction to today's events, m'am?

WOMAN: (Sobbing) It's all so terrible. I just can't stop crying.
(Husband puts arm around her)

REPORTER: And you, sir?

MAN: (Shaking head) There's no words. I'm just sad. (Pause) Yep, sad. Shocked and sad.